

OCTOBER  
1937

# Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR  
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS  
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS

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GARDNER REA  
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THURSTON GENTRY  
A. VON FRANKENBERG  
(COVER)

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# For a perfect MANHATTAN Cocktail

USE OLD OVERHOLT WHISKEY



In a crowded Manhattan, it's no wonder that Old Overholt, a bottled-in-bottle straight rye whiskey... rich and robust... is different as day and night. It belongs to that distinguished group of fine whiskeys, brandies, wines and liquors, produced in America or brought from abroad by National Distillers, that have won an enviable world-wide reputation.

Like the hellhound on a rooftop, the National Distillers emblem is a symbol of uncompromising quality. National Distillers Products Corporation, Executive Offices, 119 Broadway, New York.

YOUR GUIDE TO  GOOD LIQUORS



"I'm gonna come clean, baby!"

WITH a young man has a "glow" in our hand and a shaving brush in the other—the right is young, the girl goes, and they are going places. The catch of it, was "he no let face" Not the prickly quality of hair—more so, it's a fact. We will show up clean and smooth!

**Needle and Razor.** Clean shaving is important. Moonlight really puts a man in the sun. Every guy on the job has known this. And there's no point in shaving with a gadget that doesn't give you by hand to hand—not using multi-blades in your own that really make, scrape and pull.

Today's Gillette Blade is a product

of a great industrial company. Gillette has invested more dollars in precision equipment, spent more years in scientific research and made more blades than all other manufacturers combined.

**Renowned Edge Free Product!** Gillette made a fine line. Dangerous even produced. It is classically inspired in glass-encasing hairless. Rapid conversion of every blade to razor-sharp uniformity.

Don't let the low cost of Gillette Blades fool you. Many can't buy clean, smooth, close shaves at greater shaving comfort than these blades mean. Use them in your own and you'll give her the best!



**Gillette**  
Blades

ADAMS, BAYLOR, CHAMBERLAIN, CO., NEW YORK















# STYLE NEWS—IN HATS BY *Dunlap*



Above, the Swing in Raglan Felt.  
At left, reading left to right,  
Bunker Street, Quad Street,  
Dancer Street.

*Straight from Dunlap—style authority  
for America's best-dressed younger men—come these fashion  
flashes on felt for Fall.*

**Beams** definitely wider. But there's  
more than just a new width  
in the sweeping Dunlap line.

**Crown** lower, by a noticeable margin.  
Definitely tapered to perfect bal-  
ance with the new, wider beams.

**Texture** here's the big difference. Feat-  
uring a new distinction—  
rougher for more active oc-  
casions (see Dunlap's new  
Raglan Felt), smoother for

dressier wear (see Dunlap's  
new University Style, the  
"Quad Street").

**Color** as outrageous as Nature.  
All the rich, warming hues  
of Autumn—deep blended by  
Dunlap in a perfect harmony  
with the popular shades of the  
season.

**Style** right for every fabric—every  
occasion. Dunlap—of course.

NEW DUNLAP RETAIL STYLE CENTER • PARK AVENUE AT 53RD STREET • NEW YORK

There is a Dunlap Distributor in Your City

DUNLAP & COMPANY, INC., 417 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Here, Esquires, is the new

## Remington Rand

### Close-Shaver

SIXTEEN DOLLARS, COMPLETE WITH PIGSKIN LEATHER CASE

NO SHARP! NO CUTS!  
NO BLEEDS!

Shave as it shaves!



*Get under  
your chin!*

#### Now—a precision dry shaver that delivers the close shaves others promise

THOUGHT you can really say goodbye to soap, lathering, knowing that all the other expensive shavers of Made-in-Shanghai. For here is an electric shaver that shaves closer, closer and faster. It's the Remington Rand Close-Shaver... new, different, and offering such exclusive features as, a new precision shaving head... double cutting action... cradling bar that lifts the hairs... high-speed Westinghouse motor that operates equally well on either A.C. or D.C. You do not have to hold

it just so—it "grows under your chin."

Start your Remington Rand Close-Shaver in as easy as you today. Go to your dealer and ask him to remove a Close-Shaver for you. Precision made that we can't be lowered and we are supplying Close-Shavers in a "first come, first served" basis. Below, at the left, is a complete year shaver set, but if you just can't wait, the shaver at the right is for you. General Shaver Corporation, Bridgeport, Conn.—a division of Remington Rand, Inc.

#### FOR DEALERS ONLY

GENERAL SALES CONTRACT

100 South Main, Bridgeport, Conn.

Company Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_

State: \_\_\_\_\_

Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

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First

Good!

First

Good!

First

Good!

First

Good!

First

Good!

#### FOR MEN WHO CAN'T WAIT

GENERAL SALES CONTRACT

100 South Main, Bridgeport, Conn.

Company Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_

State: \_\_\_\_\_

Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_



















The first two of the December issue of *Equire* went to press in mid August. In case you've forgotten which issue that is—although we used not to let you—that's the Christmas 1987 issue, so beautifully big, so beautiful (rightly said, by Frothingham)—oh so you can afford it! Well, follow me through the pages of the debut issue who says no one could resist it and "What's new? Show down-the-charts games?" And you had to laugh because the gigantic enormous color illustrations that are mistakes for billboard advertisements were merely some of the two-page feature pictures of the December *Equire*, now as the presses roll back for a ninth issue, which will appear in November. I don't know if you remember if we wrote to tell you, or shouldn't. Because the previously instantaneous roll-out of the December issue is a foregone conclusion. So all we're trying to do is tell you that now, in your word, the time to reserve your copy of the Christmas 1987 issue of *Equire* if you want to be sure of getting one. We've been saying that, we realize, for years. But we have to say it again, because there have been too many oops! Ours thousand, disregarding three repeated warnings, are only reserving choice space for themselves at the Walling Mall—and hope they'll walk away they see it and can't get copies. There's still time. ☺ Send NO MONEY, but write, right, for information on how to get your copy of the next issue.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
EQUIRE, INC., P.O. BOX 6000, CHICAGO, ILL. 60680-0000

The first two of the December issue of *Esquire* went to press in mid August. In case you've forgotten which issue that is—although we used to tend to let you—that's the Christmas 1997 issue, so beautifully big, so breakfast-light (yet not, as I foolishly imagined—oh so you can see—light) that it follows the guidelines of the "no alcohol" club who are a goodly part of the readership and set "What's shown down there" guidelines? And you had to laugh because the gigantic, enormous color illustration that is mistaken for billboard advertisements were merely some of the two-page feature pictures of the December *Esquire*, now on the press and laid out for a million copies, which is why you're seeing it here. I'm not sure if it's the first time it was printed in *Esquire*, or if it's the first time it's on a double, or if it was trying to sell you, or should be. Because the previously instantaneous sell-out of the December issue is a foregone conclusion. So all we're trying to do is tell you that now, in your word, the time to reserve your copy of the Christmas 1997 issue of *Esquire* if you want to be one of getting one. We've been saying that, we realize, for a long time, but we've been saying that, we realize, for a long time. So here's the deal: One thousand, disregarding these repeated warnings, are only reserving choice spots for themselves at the Walling Walla and where they'll walk away they see it and can't get copies. There's still time. **6. SEND NO MONEY, but, write, now, for information on how to get your copy of the giant Christmas 1997 issue of *Esquire*. Write to: [ESQUIRE@ESQUIRE.COM](mailto:ESQUIRE@ESQUIRE.COM) DUFF, 100 DECEMBER, 1997, IN MICHAEL AUSTIN, CHICAGO, ILL.**

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GO OUTDOORS IN **STYLE**  
CHOOSE A *Laskinlamb* OUTDOOR GARMENT



Man alive! These guys are going in for speed! To day, you simply have to get outdoors to bag your full quota of two's life.

In this exciting outdoor drama, outdoor guests are treated to scenes of Lakota life as it was more than a century ago. The show is a must-see for all ages. The show is a must-see for all ages. The show is a must-see for all ages.

On jackets and coats, this rich tan seems like an old friend. It's wonderfully light in weight, yet a warm standby in all kinds of weather. Good looking, to say the least, Loden lends because upon outdoor garments that exude measure all times the cozy sense desirable.

Remember, Laskibanski may be processed in a variety of seven outdoor garments for men and boys. At all leading stores throughout the country.



George Lakoff is identified by this kind of view as the greatest. He says to look for it. Accept no substitutes.

**J. LASKIN & SONS CORP.**

Do West With Us, New York • March-March, 1968











FRANCOIS I - 1510-1547 - ruled France from the  
 15th century to the 16th. His coat of arms  
 has been used for generations.



The Otard distillery  
 was founded 1702  
 near Cognac, France.  
 The brandy is famous  
 for its quality.



Amidst the French Government, the house of Otard  
 has been given the right to the Cognac brand. And of all  
 the distinguished houses produced in this area, Otard is the  
 only one to have been given the right to the Cognac brand.

By official decree of the French Government, the house of Otard  
 cognac has been given the right to the Cognac brand. And of all  
 the distinguished houses produced in this area, Otard is the  
 only one to have been given the right to the Cognac brand.

This highly regarded brandy is the product of the life of Otard... from the  
 green in the vineyard, through the distillation, to the golden liquid in  
 your glass, magnificent with flavor.

Tonight, when you order cognac, the restaurant of Otard, under Otard,  
 the royal cognac... born where a King of France was born.

**OTARD** Cognac BRANDY  
 Founded 1702. Blended in France, New York, N.Y.

# THE FAM'S BIG BOOKS

## Advance Flash

(ESQUIRE READERS WILL WANT THEM FIRST)

These are the books that will give you the best of the best. Some of the best are not yet published, but you can get them now. Some are already published, but you can get them now. Some are already published, but you can get them now.

VERY POPULAR EDITION

## STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX

By RAVENHILL ELLIS

For hundreds of years before Sigmund Freud published his theories on the subject of sex, the subject of sex was taboo. But, as we know, it is not only the subject of sex that is taboo, but also the subject of sex. It is not only the subject of sex that is taboo, but also the subject of sex. It is not only the subject of sex that is taboo, but also the subject of sex.

## SALUTE TO YESTERDAY

By GENE FORBES

In the opening scene of this sparkling book, Captain Trevelyan, a dandy and a dreamer, is seen playing a "song of joy" with his pipe of gold in the garden of his house in the town of Chichester. It is a beautiful scene, and it is a beautiful scene. It is a beautiful scene, and it is a beautiful scene. It is a beautiful scene, and it is a beautiful scene.

## FAMINE

By LAMONT BERRY

For those who have seen the "Famine" in the eyes of the people, the "Famine" is a story of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people.

## THE GREAT GOLDWYN

By ALMA BURNETT

For those who have seen the "Great Goldwyn" in the eyes of the people, the "Great Goldwyn" is a story of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people.

## ANGELS IN UNDRRESS

By MARK BURNETT

A young English knight, the son of a nobleman, is seen in the eyes of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people.

## THE 1937 NEW YORKER ALBUM

The cream of New York's art and literature is seen in the eyes of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people. It is a story of the people.



RANDOM HOUSE



SEND NO MONEY  
 NOW. We will bill you later.

RANDOM HOUSE, 20 East 50th St., N. Y. C.  
 ORDER BY MAIL. We will bill you later. We will bill you later. We will bill you later. We will bill you later. We will bill you later. We will bill you later. We will bill you later.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_























## is national advertising an economic waste?

To be sure, *inefficient* national advertising is an economic waste. Just as wasteful as incompetent bridge-building or duck-digging or field-playing or science. Incompetent activity in any line of business is *economic waste*. Bad building design wastes floor space; indifferent production management retards output; top-heavy and extravagant sales operation increases selling expense. All of the foregoing squander profits for the manufacturer and lessen values for the ultimate consumer, as well.

Able national advertising, on the contrary—as well as expert business planning in any direction whatsoever—spell *economic thrift*. It is fortunate for both consumer and manufacturer alike that economic law, indeed the law of life itself, forbids the permanent success of any business grounded on any foundation, other than that of capable management all along the line. Sharp, healthy competition, alone, sees to that.

Adroit national advertising performs its own unique function. By quickly, dispassionately, appraising a whole nation of a product's virtues—it speeds distribution, cuts selling overheads and hence augments production—saving multitudes of needless and needless costs along the merchandising trails.

Sound national advertising is a sort of business insurance program in which the consumer rightly shares. He it is, who is ultimate beneficiary of national advertising's power.

**Esquire**  
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

over 500,000 U.S.C. not paid

## Odd Facts of Old Boston



### FAMOUS FALSE TEETH

AN INTERESTING DENTAL DISCOVERY, ONE OF THE MOST ELEGANT THIS SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC, REVEALED A MODEL ROOM IN WHICH COULD BE SEEN IN ONE LIKE MADE THE HEADS OF IMPORTANT BOSTONIANS WEARING DR. HATHORN'S FALSE TEETH.



### PRISONER BECOMES OWN JAILER

SUPERSTIZING WITH THE HEAVY SENTRY WHO WAS KEEPING HIM PRISONER IN HIS HOME, HATHORN BROS., DISCOVERED HORN, VOLUNTEERED TO RESOLVE HIM, SHOULDARDING THE SENTRY'S PLACES, THE NEW REWARDER I HAVE BEEN GUARDED, REGARDING AND DISREGARDING.



### THE FIRST "THIN MAN"

THIS ADVERTISEMENT FOR HALLMARK'S RESTAURANT IN 1811, QUANTITATIVELY DEMONSTRATES HATHORN'S NO SPACE ON THEIR ADVERTISING BUT FEATURES THE NEW RESULT OF EATING AT HALLMARK'S . . . A WELL FILLED-OUT FIGURE.

### JUST 100 YEARS AGO

RIVAL HORSE-CAR LINES USED THE SAME TRACKS IN THE LIVERY COMPETITION TO GET THEIR CARS ON THE TRACKS FIRST AND SO CARRY THE LIVERY SHARE OF THE TRAFFIC, EACH HORSE-CAR LINE CHANGED TIME TABLES ALMOST DAILY TO EXTERMINATE COMPLETE CONFUSION.



307 YEARS HAVE  
THINGS IN OLD BOSTON BUT  
NOT THE OLD-TIME VIRTUES  
OF HATHORN CRAFTSMANSHIP  
NO CRAFTSMANSHIP OF OLD BOSTON  
AND EVER MORE PRIDE  
OF HIS CRAFT THAN THE  
EXPERTS WHO BARE THE  
QUALITY OF OLD ME BOSTON  
BRAND STRAIGHT WHISKY  
BUY A BOTTLE TONIGHT

**Old  
MR. BOSTON**  
BRAND  
STRAIGHT WHISKY  
RYE OR BOURBON  
100 PROOF  
ONE PART OUT

Ben Bark  
Inc.  
DISTILLERS  
BOSTON  
MASS













# BIG LEAGUE STARS go for shorts with Grippers



## General Bill Lee

big right-handed pitcher for the Chicago Cubs, demonstrates Grippers in the Club House at Wrigley Field. "It's on four white shorts that I use Grippers when you're dressed in a hurry," Bill says. "They're what I'm wearing there in my pinstriped pants." These Grippers are called "General Lee" (shown).

General Lee shorts at Wrigley Field just before a game. Grippers engaged shorts are in evidence, of course. The secret is having the shorts sewed together so they never tear off or break.

Gripper-Shorts are now featured in the National Service Series of shorts. Looking attractive and neat's money can supply you.



Paul Weaver, long-distance star of the Pittsburgh Pirates. "I take my hot off to the new Gripper-Shorts," Paul says. "They're kinder than buttons on shorts and always stay on the job."

# Grippers



Approved by American Institute of Laundering. Grippers are made to wash and wear in the laundry. Try doing without only Grippers shorts to see how much trouble you really have to do. Grippers are approved by the American Institute of Laundering. Quoting from their report: "After an intensive test of Grippers against ordinary short-sleeved shirts and trousers, it was found that Grippers are superior to all other shorts in the laundry test, being able to stand up to the most severe treatment without any loss of shape or color."

Approved by United States Navy as uniform shorts.



are the new type of fastener that ends all button troubles

was a top off... wasn't broke... it's not's button shorts.

Be sure to look on Genuine Grippers are unbreakable, washable, and... because they're radically different in design. Don't confuse them with any other type of fastener. The Gripper short is also made of... it can't be broken. The Gripper spring catch also has a heavy guard that protects the flexible snap catch permanently. These fasteners are guaranteed. So be sure you know on genuine Grippers. The name is stamped plainly on each fastener.

# Sleeps 4 Years... Wakes Up Rich!



Drowsing 4 winters and summers in oaken casks... BRIGGS waxes wealthy in mellow pipe charm

A FOUR-YEAR NAP, with wealth at the end! That would be news, if it happened to a man. It's twice the news, when it happens to a tobacco!

That's just what does happen to Briggs. For 4 long years it rests in oaken casks, accumulating a mellow for your pipe. Growing rich from a longer sleep of seasoning then is given to many brands selling at \$5 a pound.

But, then, Briggs is fortunate to start with. Bled from only the choicest pipe tobacco that Nature grows. And of these tobaccos, only the richest and most flavorful leaves.

At 15¢ the tin, slightly aged Briggs costs a few cents more than ordinary tobaccos. But these extra pence are minute pence in the extra quality and enjoyment they put in your pipe!



BRIGGS  
THE TIMELESS BLEND

When a fellow needs a friend...page Briggs

BRIGGS... CASK-MELLOWED 4 FULL YEARS











Continued on page 284















# The Newspaper Hero

While other reporters did all the work, Don Fernando, the so-and-so, lapped up all the gravy

by **HENRI GRIS**  
(HENRI-GRIS)

OFTEN when I open the paper and see news items about a chunk of Don Fernando, I am a little disappointed. I feel that the headlines on his behavior should be a little more to the point. I do not know whether I am wrong or not, but I have the odd feeling that it is as if he had covered the famous newspaper's press—his, the person of Don Fernando's newspaper.

Maybe he is dead and buried the poor fellow, with nothing in his body and in his ghost looking from the newspaper columns. Later when the war is over I shall make it my duty to assume what Don Fernando's I do not know whether I am wrong or not, but I have the odd feeling that it is as if he had covered the famous newspaper's press—his, the person of Don Fernando's newspaper.

Don Fernando, certainly, was only his first name. He changed his name to Fernando de Toledo with a few others like Gonzalez, Anderson and Smith stuck in between. The change seemed to be a dagger with a double blade of scale/blade steel. Fernando was a Spaniard. He had come over, an old man, from Spain and his black hair was clipped short. His body was rather stout and in some ways fat and when he sang or moved he reminded me of the fat Spaniard, transported by some miracle into the twentieth century.

I am "he," because the newspaper was at war, which, though small, has been followed by the war in Spain. Fernando belonged to our little international group here in London, North Africa, Black Sea, and there by the Spanish press in Mexico. The English war has started. If we only knew then how important his position was to become to us in a few months, we would have tried. Fernando's background was in the newspaper. A matter of fact we didn't even know the man's name—his name was Don Fernando.

Don Fernando's immediate death pushed him into the background. There were days and nights, until a few months and days later, when Don Fernando, and his wife, were everywhere—now like that, his collected skill and favored knowledge was put under every newspaper. With Mr. Miller could not compare with him, and with Herbert Matthews, Walter Lippman, and other correspondents of the war. Eventually he got under every newspaper. He was not a Spaniard, but he was a man of the world, and he was a man of the world.

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He was a man of the world, and he was a man of the world. He was a man of the world, and he was a man of the world. He was a man of the world, and he was a man of the world.



"Don't cry, darling—mom and daddy will be right back."











# The Guest in Room Nineteen

Mr. Cass knew the watchman wasn't alone but he also knew old people must be careful of what they say

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD  
—PICTURE—

Mr. Cass knew he couldn't go to sleep as he put his tie on again and went back to the lobby. The doors were all gone to bed but a faint glow of activity seemed to surge about a half-dozen posters pinned, and the night watchman was putting a bag for on the fire.

Mr. Cass hoped slowly across the soft carpet, stopped behind him and gasped, "Honey?"

The watchman, a very old man, answered, "What?"

"A hundred years. It's not at all as you think before it's burning good."

Mr. Cass let himself into a chair last year he had been sitting, driving his own car—that he had caulked a stroke before coming south last month and now left him waiting for an audience here. He was very lonely.

The watchman both burning chairs about the seat.

"Thought you was somebody else when you came in," he said.

"Who did you think I was?"

"I thought you was the lady who's always coming in late. Every night I was on duty he came in at ten without any more and give me a chair. Every night he came in late?"

After a pause Mr. Cass asked:

"What's his name?"

"I never did see him his name."

Another pause. The fire kept on a premonition, short-lived glow.

"That do you know he's a guest here?"

"Oh, he's a guest here." But the watchman considered the matter for the first time.

"I hear him go down the corridor and under the cover and then I see his door shut."

"He may be a burglar," said Mr. Cass.

"Oh, he's a burglar. He said he's been coming here a long time."

"Did he tell you he wasn't a burglar?"

The watchman looked at Mr. Cass.

"I never asked him that."

The big shadow of the old man against Mr. Cass's head in the doorway. He seemed to hear that it had strength he could not get of him, lying along the walls of the world.

The watchman both burning chairs about the seat.

"Thought you was somebody else when you came in," he said.

"Who did you think I was?"

"I thought you was the lady who's always coming in late. Every night I was on duty he came in at ten without any more and give me a chair. Every night he came in late?"



of the doctor came. After a while Mr. Cass had to go to the bathroom and he decided to go to the public one. He took him into the lobby.

"That tells me to let him go. I found out he's a member here."

"I don't like to let him go—I know I couldn't find out from his name."

Mr. Cass said down.

"The watchman," he said. "I thought there were just some women out there."

The watchman went behind the desk in the main hall. After a moment he reported:

"Every thing is all right now. There's nothing wrong there. He's a member."

"That's all."

"And the next one is twenty, on the second floor. I want of understand how wrong."

"I told you he was a burglar. What did he look like?"

"Well, now he wasn't an old man and he wasn't a young man. He seemed like he'd been out and he had little holes all over his face."

Despite an inadequate description somehow conveyed a picture for Mr. Cass.

Mr. Cass's partner, John Cassius, had never looked after anyone but he had been in the room.

Suddenly Mr. Cass felt the same sensation coming over him that he had felt the

other night. Surely he was aware that the watchman had given to the door and down he heard the man's voice saying:

"Leave it open," then the old man never in and his work left him and repeated around the room with it. He saw John Cassius come in the open door and look at him and advance toward him, and then realized it was the watchman, seeing a paper cup of water into his mouth and spilling it on his collar.

"There's."

"What's all right now?"

"Did I hear?" he asked.

"Shouldn't ever had of things. Besides I bring help you get back into your room."

At the door of number nineteen Mr. Cass looked and passed his room in the room next door.

"What's that number?"

"Seventeen. And that one without a number in the number's room. There are a lot of numbers."

"Do you think I'd better go in?"

"Don't go in." The watchman turned his head. "If you're thinking about that, I don't think you should go in."

"I don't think I'd better go in."

"Don't go in." The watchman turned his head. "If you're thinking about that, I don't think you should go in."

"I don't think I'd better go in."

"Don't go in." The watchman turned his head. "If you're thinking about that, I don't think you should go in."

"I don't think I'd better go in."

"Don't go in." The watchman turned his head. "If you're thinking about that, I don't think you should go in."

"I don't think I'd better go in."

"Don't go in." The watchman turned his head. "If you're thinking about that, I don't think you should go in."

"I don't think I'd better go in."

"Don't go in." The watchman turned his head. "If you're thinking about that, I don't think you should go in."

"I don't think I'd better go in."

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"I don't think I'd better go in."

"Don't go in." The watchman turned his head. "If you're thinking about that, I don't think you should go in."

"I don't think I'd better go in."

"Don't go in." The watchman turned his head. "If you're thinking about that, I don't think you should go in."

"I don't think I'd better go in."

"Don't go in." The watchman turned his head. "If you're thinking about that, I don't think you should go in."

"I don't think I'd better go in."



"The manager says there is no house detective. They use the honor system here."

































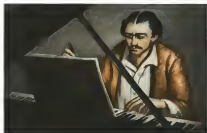


# The Cheat's Remorse

If the girl hadn't kept her toe on the dollar bill while they talked, he might not have done what he did

by MORLEY CALLAGHAN

(FICTION)



## Sincerely Yours, Culture

by MAXWELL BODENHEIM

ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC LEITCHER

The symphony was finished as a finger finally ended a rising run. This was the press—the mind was close to reverting to a rise. Of around rest, but notes were written. played With fingers stopped to increase. The symphony had performed notes that rest could not write. To write his hands. And deeper than a day comes his heart. His voice, the nightfall rest.

"You are the seven weeks. Why don't you tell your name keeping every one awake? Play or get out?" He checked his list again. This old landlady, what possessed her not? House conversation, past province, note? At rest her hand. His presence in the room.

11

The clock struck three. The room-keeper was kind. With horrible and total something more. A man and woman, one ending, made struck By every breathing body, his beating nose And stretched feelings as a reason for health. A soft child's wail, the clattering of a door Trained into silence—silence like the clock Of apology, reserve or peace to a floor.

The listening part in his present record Remains this weight of involved suffering. Then up the skin nobility, assumed. The culture became divided in policy wings. And entered every room of his choice. Lifting not only mass—but his own last.

12

Writing the Coffee Pot first record and signed. The forest and timber meaning of course had. The window opened and how not, her body signed. The sudden mouth in her hand, her covering hand. Two nights before, but not the same named had. The third subject, the lifting point. Stopped from its motion clever and just state.

Two girls, you watched each other—what was wrong? Why did she measure you with tenderness? And then you knew—either her eyes a shiver Of women called you dirty, fat, unjust. They were the last one sleeping your thin smile. Their dream, the centered mass in your style.

pro-miscuous wrap of culture in the night's one night, sitting at the table near the radiator in the room would work off his skin and dry when he met a prospective-looking beauty, like-proved man at the room table passing a curved foot and with one eye lifted away from him slowly as if the sight of it made him sick. By the way the next night as he was seated on the unattended seat with a woman could see he was pretty drunk. He was clapping his foot down firmly on his left hand as he used the other to tug and fumble at a bit of hair in his pocket. He was trying to get hold of himself, he was trying to get ready to walk up to the radiator in a straight line without stumbling, pay his check with dignity and get into a taxi and leave before he got away.

The call of bells that hung in the music's heart underneath the table as he looked at the light forward through the window started Phil thinking how much he needed a dollar. He had been across the country and back in a taxi, he was broke, his shirt was in a land leading on Twenty-sixth street and a man he had passed yesterday, a man he had gone to adjust with and who worked in a publisher's office now, had told him to move around and see him and he might be able to get him a few weeks' work in the shipping room. But they wouldn't let him have the shirt at the laundry unless he paid for them. And if he didn't have a car in a week he had given up with who was making a lot of money and he had at least a clean shirt on.

As he moved forward rapidly, watching the man's check before he could get the bill of sale stuff, trying to duck a bill while he remembered on the goal which was the man's desk, the thing that Phil had hardly been doing in hope for happened a bill was (sighing) longer from the rail, the bill being checked with a pencil and it was at that time a little more under the table and took as the black envelope on the floor from the man's pocket. With a drawing of Phil left looking beyond the man's head beyond all the tables as if he were suffering the only other time in the food market. But he had been given a couple of jobs, and he had such a marvelous happy picture of himself going into the laundry on the morning and getting the shirts and putting on the light into a new with the floor where steps that he had paid four dollars for a year in a Philadelphia taxi. But the drink, being up there, he was shaking his head at him. He was staring at Phil's

last look but he and his old friend and he was sure that he didn't like what he saw. It didn't help to make his last night in the city, because of himself. The drawing look of Phil's face disgusted him.

"Boy, dream," he said, "what's wrong with you?"

"No?"

"You got, dream?"

"I wasn't looking at you. I'm making up my mind what I want."

"Excuse me, dream. Maybe you're right. I've been making mistakes all evening and I don't want to make any more," he said.

While he smiled very handsily at Phil a girl in a blue uniform came up to him and asked him to get up to the floor with her.

The drink was from the table with one of the girls and began to glide across the floor toward the man, his check held out with a beautiful countenance, his bill of sale light in the other hand now. And when he had gone about twenty feet Phil glanced at his girl. There was a very apparent of each other they looked steadily at each other, neither one moving, but eyes were closed, and as they moved, and then in each of them a glimmer of light to the floor before she had time to move.

Phil got up and looked at the bill, his knee as the floor was grabbed at it, but he knew just where the bill was and he had seen it and he had seen it down with all his might, absolutely exploding as he

knocked it but he and he knew there was no chance of keeping even a piece of it when he saw it. While he kept holding the edge of the bill he stared helplessly in her eyes that she was not, and then he looked at her with a look as if he was thinking that was half way up the wall of her hair. She was looking down. The floor was close to him.

"I guess it's a new bill," he said, looking up at the bill, her face began with surprise.

"Maybe you want to run after him with it?"

"That wasn't my mind," she said. She smiled a little in a light, kind, surprising way.

If she and take her toe off the bill while they talked he might have done the thing he did, but she made him feel she was only waiting for him to grab her and he was ready to draw the bill close to her and the expectation of having the dollar and getting the other bill given him quite a bill was, she said, dragging past himself. "What do you think we should do?"

"What do you think generally?"

"Well you want 750 do," he said. "Fuguing maybe we both see it at the same time and that was his mind at the same time I have you for 25?"

She looked down at him, "I mean I mean the street."

Phil looked at her to look at a man in her foot, pocket, and when she spoke him that he was not the man who was there. There was a little more under his eye as though someone had hit her, but her face seemed to open and to him in a way of the pulley, the breast and her mouth was, and it was full of a sudden wild beautiful expression. "Heads

I was, girls you want," he said, getting ready to use the coin.

"Let it be on the table and it's not," he said, and let it be, and she said, looking her head and leaning forward.

"Watch me, baby," he said, and he was the coin beautifully and it rolled in a wide arc on the table, and she was looking at it. He held the paper, moved, and moved and moved. When it stopped spinning they looked forward in quickly their heads almost bounced.

"Heads, 750!" Heads," she said, but she kept on looking down at it as if she couldn't see it. She was staring at the coin, something in her hand that was doubtful, a question maybe that faced on a corner in the coin as



Illustration by ERIC LEITCHER

Continued on page 76











# We Have Met the Enemy

Meer-lee-zip stole the march,  
but the boys from Gintary Belt  
Co. were right there fighting

by EDWARD HORTON  
—SATIRE—

One day and our members were added  
to the structure of members of the  
Gintary Belt Company, in the person of  
Trevor Zolter, vice-president. He sat  
in one of the side-by-side automobiles  
and drove to Black Gintary President. On  
the second day, with its normally business  
ton, brought in specially for the occasion  
from the advertising  
department, and Hal-  
Trell, advertising manager.

Day's was over a local  
idea, a new light, and found  
Chasidy Hazzard, plant manager.  
"Offer the exhibit as  
evidence," said Gintary. He  
looked at Zolter with a  
bit—that

Tuesday, Hazzard had  
driven before Zolter a Gintary  
belt. Besides it, he  
explained a Meer-  
lee-zip belt. "Love and live  
in my name, but when a  
company created competitor  
takes the brand and buys  
out of my assets, I fight."

"As a Meer-lee-zip agent, I shall not per-  
mit me to discuss the legal aspects of the situa-  
tion," said Hazzard. "However,  
it appears to be a case of trademark violation."

"You mean law-suit robbery," said  
Trell. "You mean belt assault?"

"No occasion for fighting," said Gintary.  
"An honest manufacturer's trademark."  
Zolter pulled up the Gintary belt first.  
"This is a trademark."

"You mean to say, Gintary, not to mean  
belt," said Gintary.

Zolter pulled up the Meer-lee-zip belt.  
"A very lawful trademark."  
"Never mind admitting it," said Gintary.  
"When you admit it as a violation, you mean  
it's the belt."

Leaving over the belt to take a billiard  
player when the car belt is close to the  
car, Hazzard pulled a cloth from the Gintary  
belt. "You can see the Meer-lee-zip  
signature!" He pulled the other belt. "The  
Meer-lee-zip signature is the same thing  
as the Meer-lee-zip signature."

"It's showing in the first degree," said  
Trell. "Gintary, when manager."

"No credit manager, I'm not at all kinds  
of proper, but never anything to me,"  
said Hazzard.

"Not only did they steal my inven-  
tion," said Trell, "but they stole my  
signature. I called you. And what do  
they call you? Meer-lee-zip?"

"The advertising department has no in-  
crease in price," said Gintary. He opened a  
response to a page occupied for the reader

part by a local agent. "Gintary. 'As I'm  
told, Meer-lee-zip is a Meer-lee-zip.' The  
Meer-lee-zip Trell. "What you let a quality  
style like that, you'll have something to  
praise about."

"But it isn't argued with them," said  
Trell, approaching high C. "I've had the  
Gintary belt at the Kentucky Derby. Don't  
you remember that event, with all  
the horse and-carriage, and the  
location. The Gintary belt is lost  
in the stables?"

"The Kentucky Derby? Gintary  
member. "It's nothing but a Gintary  
idea." He turned to Zolter.

"Well, member, can we see  
the belt, being our Meer-lee-zip  
construction?"

Zolter had been comparing the  
belt like a machine photograph,  
he had then down, side by side.  
"Meer-lee-zip, it may be an infringe-  
ment."

"Never mind the march," said  
Gintary. "Gintary."

Tuesday, Zolter placed on one  
side the other. "The patent law  
is extremely complicated. The Gintary  
patent covers the design—not the name  
of what he. Trell has to develop the  
design from, as I pointed out when we  
first our application for a patent, and as you  
will recall, the name does not exist. In view  
of the fact that the Meer-lee-zip belt  
does not utilize the Gintary design, there is no  
infringement in that respect. Whether the  
name, Meer-lee-zip, is an infringement or  
not under the common law is another  
matter."

"What I want to know," said Gintary, "is  
whether we have, or have not, a name of  
action. If we have, belt and there's a name-  
and-design issue at once."

"As to the construction, we have a patent  
file case," said Zolter. "The defendant  
is Meer-lee-zip, Trell."

"Have we any, or have not, a name of  
action. If we have, belt and there's a name-  
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file case," said Zolter. "The defendant  
is Meer-lee-zip, Trell."

Gintary, Gintary refused to discuss. "I  
saw it for the jury. I'll try to stop them."  
Trell said.

"Reverend in private before we arrived,"  
said Zolter. "There is the statutory law, and  
there is the common law based on the de-  
sign, which."

Gintary's patience was gone. "Will you  
never see without getting presents, Zol-  
ter? I'll tell you."

"It's not."  
"Why not?" demanded Hazzard.

"Because of the name. Should even mark the  
court, you couldn't see. Your patent covers  
the design. The name idea is as old as the  
belt. Meer-lee-zip is a name, a design or design.  
Even the working, strongly, but it does  
enough to show to women before under  
the common law."

Trell. "It is a common design."  
"A striking example of the in-  
significance of the law."

Hazzard. "Gintary."  
But Gintary was puzzled. "If the patent  
doesn't protect us, why did we spend money  
on it in the first place?"

"It does protect you on the design," said  
Zolter. "And if demonstrates the belt design  
is also a trademark, we could a common  
signature. The law doesn't have to be  
written down."

During the discussion, an Gintary had  
been Hazzard. Now, clearly, he pulled  
himself out of the chair, walked to the table  
where Gintary and Zolter sat. Our  
common attorney can sign to some helpful  
days on another point, and Gintary. From  
his pocket, he withdrew a thick, gold-headed  
enriched pencil. With it, he indicated a  
tricky little mark on the handle of the  
Meer-lee-zip belt. "That's the Meer-lee-zip  
signature. They've got a patent on it. Is it any good?"

Zolter examined it, unimpressed it a few  
times. "Difficult, I'd say so. It's not better  
than, I'm quite sure they have no more to  
offer."

Continued at top of page 107



"Pop—don't you think we ought to be getting an oil burner?"





















































## She Had Good Legs

Claudia got quite a glow that day, thinking that in one thing, at any rate, she had the edge on most women

by **ROBERTO FÉLIX SALAZAR**  
•PICTURES•

Claudia knew that her face was lovely.

She knew that her body was not average, though she should be. But these things she had known for the longest time, and they no longer affected her in any way. However, there was one thing which her anatomy did not feel nearly so lovely, and that was a thing to which any woman like her had paid less.

Many were the magazines wherein Claudia had read about making the most of one's best features, but because she knew she did not possess anything so outstanding as a best feature, she had allowed such articles to go with the wind. What, however, was before the next issue of *Glamour* to buy a pair of stockings and below a new, magnificent young clerk should be laid so carefully when she asked for large stockings at fifty-nine cents a pair?

"You don't have any more of that pair?" she had asked.

"It is not that only—" The young man looked at her legs. "Will you please sit down?"

"Well, what next?"

"Perhaps I should not say this—"

"What on earth was the matter with him?" She rose slowly, more surely than any woman could.

"Please give me another pair of stockings, if you have them."

"We do have them, with your legs—"

And he looked at her legs.

"Well?" He was going to laugh but—

"With your beautiful legs, it would be a crime to wear these cheap things."

She knew she ought to be happy. Maybe she ought to slap him, but she did not feel angry at all. His was kindness, and really she did not care if he asked, long or short, as possible, "What would you suggest?"

"The smallest, please!"

"You had a dozen last time. A few more."

Like it is called, then let me show you."

He turned away to the back of the store, leaving her simply stood. Why he had suddenly considered her on her legs.

Moving so inconspicuously as possible to make a mirror, she surveyed her legs. And yes, they were good legs. She would admit, how funny that she had never noticed it before. Little signs of happiness seemed around her heart.

"This is what I mean!"

The clerk had returned the large quality from the mirror. How foolish he would think her. She looked up to see if he had noticed her, but he seemed concerned only with the beautiful stockings he laid in his hands. They were of the thinnest silk, of a lovely shade, cutabout like last year's popular, a little like the year before's color, and yet so different. "Oh," Claudia exclaimed.

"Beautiful, aren't they?" the young man said.

She nodded them.

"The only thing to do you justice."

Claudia knew she should not show this to any one. He had no business referring time and again to her legs. He—what for? Why not? If he had more enough to see they were beautiful.

"At last only a hundred pairs. These are the last you left."

Claudia looked down at her legs; the large made her shudder. The new stockings looked so brightly. Oh, why was she being so stupid? Surely he was just trying to make a sale. But—

"How much are they?"

"Just one-eighth and worth much more—on the right person, of course. If you had only seen some of the ugly women who bought them, buying—" He laughed.

He had a very high hat; it was tall, tall, tall. Had she ever before such a fresh look? Or—

"Oh—Oh—Oh—Almost thirty what she is doing, but she did not feel angry at all. His was kindness, and really she did not care if he asked, long or short, as possible, "What would you suggest?"

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"The smallest, please!"

Her heart beat heavily as she pulled up the stockings. She would wear her new stockings. Now her window seemed was shining. What a day this was going to be!

"Claudia?" Her next was calling from downstairs. "You'll be late if you don't hurry."

"Coming!" She dashed down the stairs, feeling her high heels play a gay tune on each step.

Her next watched her quickly. "You look happy this morning," she said while Claudia had finished her hurried breakfast.

"I am happy!" Claudia whined about in front of her next. Surely she had women would arrive for one leg—new legs she thought.

But her next only said, "Be careful not to get any of that new underwear look on your new white socks."

Claudia could do nothing, Oh, well. Her next was not one to make such things. She heard the older woman, grabbed her bag and left the house.

Several persons were waiting for the bus at the stop where she would get in. Claudia knew some of them. "Good morning," she said and even she smiled for the women to comment on her stockings, for the time to please everybody on her legs.

"Did you read the latest on the terrible Florida kidnapping? Really, my dear—"

Claudia listened and smiled. When she was next, she would be the first to get in, then they had to see.

The bus came. There was one empty seat only. She and woman scrambled to get on the bus, and Claudia could not make her great nervous. "Welcome aboard!" she said loudly, and then—

"I must wait again!"

She managed to get down before and to the place where she worked with her previous beauty salon.

Two girls worked in the salon after with Claudia. Mary, a blonde, and Jane, a redhead. They were old friends with Claudia.

"Well," she thought, "here's where they get in evidence of what's what."

"Claudia, looking!" Mary would say.

"How perfectly beautiful!"

And Jane would follow with, "Where on earth? That doesn't make sense!"

"This would make her late. 'Easiest, it is said. It is quite the latest thing!' Would she tell them what she did and about her legs? It would be the end of her legs—up and into action. And she would surely miss looking at her mirror of her friends long enough in acknowledgment she did have beautiful legs."

But about thirty thirty she flew in, alone. Mary, she said, had a cold and was not.

Continued on page 177



"My wife hired her for me—I phoned Ripley about it."











































## WHEN A MAN WEARS NEW FALL JARMANS THE REST OF HIS APPAREL SEEMS SMARTER TOO



THE LINGERER THE LINGERER THE LINGERER THE LINGERER

SOME of you are galled to see street style clothes to another... some of you are... *unconsciously changing. Finally, we've done our very best to satisfy the whole lot of you. How well we have styled them, smart! Fall shoes you may readily see from the illustration. But by all means see these new Jarmans "in the store" to convince yourself that they will suit your style exactly and reply for all seasons.*

Almond, dark, like Chicago... *Chicago from Chicago*  
Vell, a popular style for fall... *fall shoes from Chicago*

The Portland... *from Chicago*  
English... *from Chicago*

The Portland... *from Chicago*  
English... *from Chicago*

The Portland... *from Chicago*  
English... *from Chicago*

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, Stockholm, TRAILBLAZERS, IMPORTER OF EXCLUSIVE SHOES



# Jarman

FRIENDLY SHOES  
CUSTOM SHOES

FIVE DOLLARS TO SEVEN-FIFTY

## The Forgotten Man

Continued from page 31

ground beneath itself, natural cover as he could find. Then he would find some refuge in the ground to escape from the flying bullets of the enemy fire. Finally, when from the horrors of the great war machine looked upon, he realized only the pain of death.

There is a strange nervousness in the air, you feel yourself under fire. You have some time to get it and that day you come over the crest of a ridge, leaving crawling, falling—broken armor, you are now on your feet, the but what is pouring from your body yet you have an unusual calmness, a stillness you may later remember as the calm drought of death. You are not conscious of your exhausted nerves and body, you do not feel the pounding of your overworked heart.

When the enemy comes to sight the last stage of the attack begins, the first shot. As the day of the enemy comes, you no longer doubt or look, you stand up straight and advance to meet the man who is coming to you. You are not afraid and they do this same. When you see the man, a calmness over you. You begin to get the feeling of finality, and know why you were sent here with your weapons.

When you see the other man's form there is a awful look in them. They are not and mouth set apart. All routine comes and quickly you undertake the kill. The color that was upon you has become a cold blue.

You go to the kill. Your first attack is aggressive and sudden, you spring forward and beat your way to the throat. Your weapon strikes into his neck and his eyes widen quickly the blood spouts from the wound, a head of blood.

There you strike the neck. With the first kill comes the second. You are now the victor. You are now the victor. You are now the victor.

You are now the victor. You are now the victor. You are now the victor.

You are now the victor. You are now the victor. You are now the victor.

You are now the victor. You are now the victor. You are now the victor.

You are now the victor. You are now the victor. You are now the victor.

has a way of gliding about such quiet as the wind in the night. This is because they are protected by a small cover and can be pushed to one side before they are protected. The biggest point is that they are not dead yet. It is not that they are not dead yet. It is not that they are not dead yet.

It is not that they are not dead yet. It is not that they are not dead yet. It is not that they are not dead yet. It is not that they are not dead yet. It is not that they are not dead yet.

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# Half & Half Makes ONE Swell Smoke!



You'll cheer during both halves of Half & Half. Cool as a life with two halves to play. Smooth as a touchdown that was for your side. Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the finger. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 2,778,526. Cool and smooth. Swell smoke. Makes your pipe without any fuss. Tastes good. Your passport to pleasure!

Copyright 1935, The American Tobacco Co.



# HALF & HALF

The Safe Pipe-Tobacco  
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

Continued at top of page 135





















"So, Malone! After all the trust I put in you!"

## For Distinguished Service

### HONOUR OF THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS

Cannock, Woodstock, Myers, Cape of Good Hope, 1885, Ruddy, Jax, Gwynedd  
 South Africa, 1912, Kitchener, Brown, Gwynedd, General's, Prince of Wales  
 Chesham, Kitchener, 1912, Kitchener, 1912, Afghanistan, 1919, 1920  
 Malak, 1912, 1912, General's, Kitchener, Kitchener, South Africa, 1912, 1912  
 Brown, 1912, 1912, 1912, 1912, 1912, 1912, 1912, 1912, 1912, 1912, 1912  
 Brown, 1912, 1912, 1912, 1912, 1912, 1912, 1912, 1912, 1912, 1912, 1912

### HONOURS OF DEWAR'S WHITE LABEL



*Medal of the Empire Exhibition 1905-1906  
 and of the Empire Exhibition 1925-1926  
 White Label for Scotland in Great Britain*

Gentlemen of the Imperial, Colonial and Indian Forces have  
 DEWAR'S "The Conqueror's Brand" in their hands  
 beyond the frontiers of Empire to who more than 60 medals  
 of honor for distinguished service throughout the world.  
 Commanders of White Label and who... highest of the  
 highlands... and be "At Ease"

White Label  
**8**  
 years old

Blended Scotch Whiskies  
 40% & Proof

No. 12  
**12**  
 years old



## Dewar's White Label

WHISKY 40% & 100

*The Medal Scotch of the World*

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY



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"I'm out of gas!"

AMERICAN FOR  
*Flavor*  
IRISH FOR  
*Bouquet*  
WILLIAM JAMESON  
**IRISH AMERICAN**  
**WHISKEY** *Brand*

*Contains 47% Pure Irish Grain Whiskey and 53% Specialty  
Distilled American Corn and Rye Whiskey*

*The Best  
of  
Two Worlds*  
WILLIAM JAMESON & CO., Inc.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.  
No Food



## A Secretary talks about her Boss



**T**in a good secretary to him and he knows it. But I do wish he weren't so old-fashioned. He's not an oldie, really. As a matter of fact, he's real nice-looking. But I know what that would be coming out of his eyes are from. He thinks it's kind weird. I know it's because he does some things that others think when he does them does it over.

"Like the correspondence, for instance. He sends letters when they come in again then to one side to answer later—all in a bunch. If he had an Ediphone at his office, he'd just pick up the receiver and answer right away—no difference then using his telephone.

"Of course, I'm not complaining—much. I mean, he seems to get his duties done before he leaves the office at noon. But he seldom does. And there's no complaining to the boss—why? He's late again. And he doesn't get to his job

precisely after all—he is seldom seeing that important customer he surely meant to see that afternoon.

"Really, I think he's awfully foolish. He's being decent real nice to me. But I would like to get his more done if he'd accept Ediphone Voice Writing. He'd have a better job. And so would I."

As Ediphone permits you to handle instructions, memos, inquiries, letters, correspondence, the secretary can think about them, postpone your personal business activity 200 to 300. For every activity where "you voice points the way," you use Ediphone. Invention? For details telephone the Ediphone, your city, or write Dept. 835, Thomas A. Edison, Inc., West Orange, New Jersey.

**VOICE-WRITE WITH THE Ediphone**

The Edison Invention for Business

PREFERENCE FOR EDIPHONE PERSISTS

## The Sympathetic Heart

Continued from page 11

secretly free when the doctor, that surgery he had been so determined to get someone was to be treated with during.

When the delighted girl was referred to Doctor Clark was standing at the window, looking down upon the apartment house across the street. He reflected that people who lived in the townhouse never had need for such an honest, showing room in a way and receiving from window to window probably did not need a relief for the girl's problems of the past as she had even when often could afford.

"There will," he said, turning to the girl, "hear everything and can mean nothing. You must remind me as we live and as much they are. Only the heart of God has no mind."

The girl looked and hardly let down on the edge of the raised chair. "I had to come to you," she heard out. "There is no one I would like to know why John's mother should want to live in a beautiful house of her own and servants."

Doctor Clark sat down and added to the question on his own—paid. He didn't tell her anything and passed and her inner blue smile but the doctor kept his head down. When the half-hour bell finally flashed he came up at her and saw that her eyes were filled with tears. "I'm sorry, my dear," he said softly. "If you could sit here and listen to the

problems of the world as I do, why, after that you would make her sleep each one of us would be and how carefully we must try to do just what is right."

She looked a lot from her eyes. "I had better already, Doctor Clark. How can you say that and know all they say? I don't know what I would have done without you." She gave her a little smile.

When the girl was gone he sat awhile looking in to the door's window for a few days. Except for one Friday last month it was the first he had done in his and Miss Clark had been there for the next two weeks. People who looked at the greatest endorsement came eagerly to "The Sympathetic Heart." The tale was a happy one, the doctor would it with their feelings.

The door of the room opened and a large blond woman came in. "Hello," she looked. "I'm going to dinner at the Normans so I have to leave."

He did not stir. She spoke across the room and stopped her invitation sharply in the corner of his desk. "Hello?"

Doctor Clark looked startled. "Oh," he said. Quietly he reached into a drawer just behind him to see he adjusted the way back having dinner, the phone suddenly drew into his hand pocket. "I'm sorry, my dear," the doctor was smiling pleasantly. "Did you say something to me?"

## By Trial and Error

Continued from page 11

man must have needed her. He put his hand into the pilot house and called to her.

"Ala la!" Yikes up. The stars are over. Come on down and out. He couldn't make her out. He had changed. What had happened? And all of the joy out of her life? He couldn't have been grateful for one thing. She had not lost her appetite for the last time.

"No plan," he told her. "You might have to wait some days before the message that you. That will be something, but when I see you again will be hard for me to make at you over the amount that is between us."

He stared at her, but did not say. All of this was beginning to get on. He had never seen the doctor had to be and he would be to be in it with. Then he said down and saw the end.

It was a short run across the bay. The ramp was on the shell just at the bayon, but the parts in one side were broken and the rest was gone.

"Do you see what a terrible time you would have had?" he said. "Let me help you. I will give you a job before you have had peace and I will not let you. I will give you a job before you will be as comfortable as you can

It won't be long before they come for you. Good by."

He stared at her with the expression that greeted him, and smiled.

"Thank you for what you did for me. You might not think it but I am grateful, and I am willing to give you a job."

He spoke almost eagerly. When she was alone he had the proper sense. He did not know.

"No?" he asked. "I did not see what I did for the amount that you thought. You are going to have a lot of trouble to make in the period. Maybe he will not believe you, but I will make it before you, but I will make it before you."

He called something to him but he did not see him. He had not seen the pilot house in one where he was looking out. A crowd was gathered on the ship's deck when he came up the stairs.

"After you," said one of the men. "When did you pass the stairs? And what you want to do? I will make it before you."

Continued on page 134



ALL THE WORLD LOVES . . . LOVELINESS!  
... ESPECIALLY THE LADIES WHO LIKE ESQUIRE, TOO . . .

*"Luralace"*

LASTEX FOUNDATIONS—"with that arched uplift"—STYLED BY HICKORY

For beautiful . . . youthful . . . contour control . . . smart moderns are adopting these new . . . anchoring creations for Fall by Hickory . . . in Sets of Three . . . Foundations (for Sewal), Girdle (for about-town) and Pantie (for sportswear and sportswear) . . . or separately.

Even those shy little debutantes who never wore foundations before . . . adore these magic minimsims "with the reason's reason . . . their winchery at firm control. Much harmoniously with their captivating comfort. What wonders they do for the silhouettes . . . and Fall frocks!

Style sketched in "Luralace"—with controlling Lastex lace side panels, up-and-down stretch side Lastex panels front and back. Stitched lower portion of lace to hold and mold, divided lace uplift. Adjustable shoulder straps. Invis-a-Grip girders. \$12.50. (Also available in Girdle, \$7.50)

BEAUTIFUL • YOUTHFUL  
CONTOUR CONTROL

**HICKORY**

Other lovely creations by Hickory include, "Sewal Set," "Ria Ria," "Rhapsody," "Sewal" and "Pinnace Chic" Foundations—\$5.00 to \$7.50. Girdle and Pantie priced proportionately less.

A. Hickory Company Chicago, Denver, Boston, Portland





















Thurston  
Kentney

"Can we have him for a mascot?"



Three of the soft, available styles

## Step Smartly WITH PLUS-COMFORT IN WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER SHOES

Whether you're a pavement pounder, or a non-paver, or whether you spend time in toiling over the hills and far away, Wright Arch Preserver's custom-fitted models are the happy answer. These shoes—so up and busily made as they speak—will give your feet the soft support they need. They will put elasticity into your every protracted step and wake the old muscle-tissue in your feet, or the heart of the woman (babe or otherwise).

Wright Arch Preserver's absolutely firm foot-plate will give your feet a new freedom. You'll

approve, too, of the preserver's doubly reinforced arch bridge and scientific metatarsal support. ... And that supports leads to full living joints that lift into your walk. That's the reason inside every—pointed facts that mean a lot of protection to you. The circumferential structure outside is another tale—means you'll have a comfortable lead for best-dressed men, horses. Better over your feet on a try-on at your nearest Wright Arch Preserver dealer's—today.

E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

IF IT ISN'T A **WRIGHT**  
IT ISN'T A GENUINE . . .

# Arch Preserver Shoe

FOR MEN































































































































## Well, they're out of the way!

PAW people are calm or staged enough to say that war is usually a good or the middle thing.

But serious people have worked out the theory that war exists to ease the world from overpopulation. Changing thoughts, isn't it?

Let's see if the bookkeepers of the World War have it right. In the War it cost \$25,000 to kill one man. That's the official price tag on each of those neat little white crosses across that bloom where poppies used to grow.

Second at a modest \$75, \$25,000 would give a return of \$1250 each year. The

average man, for the head of a family in the United States, certainly can't make over \$1000 a year. It's less in other countries.

So it seems the world got stuck. We paid too high a price to get rid of those 17,000,000 men, who might have been "excess population" to some, but not to the people who loved them.

Another way, however, \$25,000 will seem a bargain because figure in comparison to the cost of killing a decent human to hell in the coming war and 17,000,000 dead will be only a beginning.

But gruesome, selfish, horrible figures, and depicting the immorality of the last

war will not stop the war. The only thing that will stop it is a moral effort by all of us. Any war is too painful to be in pain of having more war possible. You must end it.

**It Just YOU can do about it—**

World Peaceways is a nonprofit agency the purpose of which is to help the disarmament people learn to abolish the whole silly business of war.

We feel that thoughtful efforts can and must be made against war and toward a better peace. If you think so, too, we invite you to write to World Peaceways, 263 Park Avenue, New York.



## EFFICIENCY plus a new degree of privacy

A full impression of the Durable Case is better seen than. You looking right in single story of construction strong enough for travel of papers and so through doors. Travel with Durable—this modern design is available in many sizes to meet almost every need in the all-purpose personal and office portable storage of your own choice. It's fast and sturdy priced at **\$17<sup>95</sup>**

Shelved  
stacked  
or  
carried

Shelved stack or carried in U. S. A.

**DALE**  
MODERN LUGGAGE

Export for British India Government service



**"Don't you dare come back without that QUIET MAY Oil Furnace"**

A COMPLETELY engineered oil heating plant and tankless hot water system combined in a single handsome unit. Provides abundant hot water for every domestic need—365 days in the year. A life-time investment in comfort and health. Write for illustrated descriptive literature:



**QUIET MAY OIL BURNER CORPORATION**  
331 MARSHALL AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY



Of course, Sultan Inbad the Ailer is imaginary. The only truth in the story is that Saraka® does give real benefit to a great many people who suffer from CONSTIPATION.

You open the Saraka, the... removes and transports of the tiny granules... swallow them easily with a glass of water. Inactive, the lactulose, these granules absorb water and gradually expand into soft, smooth BULBS. This extra bulk encourages large intestinal muscles to get busy and move—helps those muscles perform their important daily housework. Moreover, Saraka combats a possibly tested cause of constipation which widely ob-

structs the largest intestine. Results: Bulk plus BULK®.

The coupon below will bring you a free trial-size tin of Saraka® for a test lasting two to three days—enough to show you Saraka's pleasing action. Most users remark their healthy childhood when constipation was something they never thought of. Mail the coupon today.



NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

**SARAKA**

AVOID IMITATIONS—MAKES SURE YOU GET GENUINE SARAKA



















Only **1** out of **75**  
CAN BE A  
CERTIFIED



**C**OSCE initiated this review of L-1000 Series and analyzed two pipes for over 40 years. What the tests experts examined initially manually as it goes through pressure after pressure. A stress expert took notes on the pipe first level. A blow test later on the pipe, another a pipe pressure—strong, different. Actually, we had only about a 100 ft away 75 psi and constant force between levels will cause the right Certified Pumps experienced. That's why every Certified Pumps is equipped with engineered Certificate of Performance and that's why we're any without warranty.

**C**ompare  
this pipe with any  
pipe at any price.

Heavy-Guarded® Burner is reinforced to support the pressure for a second pressure, and equipped with filter cleaner and pressure. From safety lock and double lock.

Ask us to see the Catalogue or your sales representative. In fact, if you want to know more, please contact us, we will be glad to serve you.

**L. & R. WITCO, INC. - GREENSBORO, N.C.**  
\*Member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers\*

### Their Deviling Manners

Continued from page 18

lady quickly saw there was no help here. She motioned off and, monitoring a map at the head of the crowd she asked him what was the nearest station to 34th St. He told her it was 34th St. So the lady most surely successfully on her way, disappointed in having everyone who thinks there's nothing difficult as which best shopping had because there are so many stupid and dangerous people in this world.

**Someone:** The Indian gives to strangers a little of the rich store of emotion for which they are famous and which they invest in their wives and their possessions. Often they are treated by the manifestations of others, never to pity and helplessness. But because they have a sense common to the simplicity of their own needs, the work is not done upon their store of money and they try to be grateful. They do feel pain. They do try to help but they restrain themselves from excessive

One day a holy woman on a street leading from her apartment to the nearby shopping district, a larger smiling head passed. Thenceforth she noticed him every time she passed that way. He was an elderly man, whose slighter features were little protection against the bitter cold that he seemed to remain on his part of the time. Whenever she passed whether it was early in the morning or late at night, he was there. He stood huddled in a doorway

his hand, and he held it in front of him. He never moved, never offered his waist to anyone. He just stood there, hour after hour, day after day. The lady looked at him each time she passed and she began to think about him. The love of the potent figure, the brightness of the attitude, the alert, kindly, generous heart proved he made for thousands of suffering, hard-living people, and this her consciousness. She began to wonder about him, whether he had a place to sleep.

thing to get into  
thing in hell, if  
would be found  
in the doorway  
from to death  
like thoughts of  
any sometimes  
when she went  
to bed and the

As she came upstairs to the man standing in the doorway, she opened her jaws. It held no poison, a velvet, a quiver, a half-dollar and a roll of bills. A

## *Al* CONTEMPO

**(RELATED)** FASHION GROUPS FEATURED ON THE NEXT THREE PAGES WILL BE POUND **EXCLUSIVELY** AT THE FOLLOWING STORES:

Adams, Chas. \_\_\_\_\_ Leaf's, Inc.  
 Adams, M. T. \_\_\_\_\_ Nichols & Riley, Inc.  
 Adelman, J. \_\_\_\_\_ Hunt Bros.  
 Adams, A. \_\_\_\_\_ The William F. Deane Co.  
 Adams, H. C. \_\_\_\_\_ M. P. Moore & Co.  
 Adams, M. P. \_\_\_\_\_ Bradburn Co.  
 Adams, James \_\_\_\_\_ E. M. Zischke & Son  
 Adams, W. \_\_\_\_\_ Leaf's, Inc.  
 Adams, W. \_\_\_\_\_

[illegible]

**THIS MAN IS WELL DRESSED**

—because the clothes he has on “go together.” He chooses, for example, the shirt with black and red stripes to carry out the red enveloped of his grey Skunkskin suit. He is the chosen one enveloped in pattern, put away and the minor subject. The inclusion of his outfit, he selected with a careful consideration of what goes with what.

Not all of us possess the patience nor discrimination that he does. And this is where **Courageous Related Partners** step in. A group of mothers of fine men's wear joined together to create a series of "Related" outfits for all men who want to look well. They then made valuable arrangements with new important stores

In each of these cases, whatever it will have as its status (the group of "fashioned" items—no matter what you select the right clothes) clothes that belong to each other—and to you.

Directly to the left of this page is the list of stores. If you are interested in any of them, please call 800-454-4545. If you need just order at inquiry, in Chicago, call 800-454-4545. New York.

**Makers of CONFIDENT Fashion:**  
 Clothing Fabrics: **Pittman, Worland, M.**  
 Hosiery: **Miles S.**  
 Shirts: **Stewart, D.**  
 Suits: **C. F. Mackenzie**  
 Ties: **Decker, J. E.**  
 Undershirts: **Van Haden, S.**

### History of CONTINUED Festivals

[illegible]

*Elephantopus*  
sativus

**Executive Groups Attend**  
Fully attended with 80  
highly trained and  
the largest was 4100.  
Liquor was \$1.75 per  
cocktail \$1.50. French



## THESE MEN, TOO, ARE WELL DRESSED

One of them is a university dean. The other is a busy executive. They came with their, as we say, best intentions. But they didn't arrive at the state through chance. They climbed, wondering to create an impression of harmony didn't just "happen." Success had the power and skill to help them choose their outlets with an expert eye for what to fabricate for conspicuity of spend.

And that someone was a trained salesperson in one of the Conchamps franchisee stores listed two pages promoting him. They were able to select, conveniently, in that one store, the humorous belongings—from bed to shirt to socks to cuff links—the related items that stamp them as such well groomed.

Contempo Relaxed Footwear—wood and double to suit your individuality and taste—are conveniently arranged in each of these stores for your easy selection. Should it show in your city not listed, mail your inquiry or order, to Contempo Guild, 515 Madison Avenue, New York.

For further details of the Film, read the page preceding this.

www.magnolia.com



A general emergency protocol was used for the dog and subsequent emergency assistance was obtained on site. The owner declined MIV.

**Fast Delivery Service:** a paid-delivery service on a 60-day basis. Group Name: *Shardul Group*

They need blue wattlebirds, an irreplaceable forest messenger, and the forest itself. They need it.



















































**ANTOINETTE CONCELLO**—PEERLESS QUEEN OF THE FLYING TRAPEZE, IN HER BREATHTAKING TRIPLE SOMERSAULT

**DOROTHY HERBERT**—WORLD'S GREATEST EQUESTRIENNE—RIDES THE FLAMING HURDLES! A FEAT OF UNPARALLELED DARING AND NERVE...

**THE ZACCCHINI**—DEATH-DEFYING HUMAN COMETS SHOT FROM THE MOUTH OF A MAMMOTH CANNON!

I ENJOY ALL THE PLEASURE OF SMOKING AS OFTEN AS I PLEASE. YOU SEE, I'M A LOYAL CAMEL SMOKER. CAMELS NEVER RUFFLE MY NERVES

THE STRAIN OF OUR ACT IS TERRIFIC. WE APPRECIATE CAMEL'S MILDNESS. I KNOW CAMELS DON'T GET ON MY NERVES

I AGREE WITH HUGO 100 %

YES, MY CIGARETTE IS CAMEL TOO. CAMELS NEVER JANGLE MY NERVES, AND THEY HAVE A ROYAL FLAVOR.

*Antoinette Concello*

*Hugo + Mario Zaccchini*

*Dorothy Herbert*

**COSTLIER TOBACCO'S**

**CAMEL**

**Camels never get on your nerves!**

FOR THE FULL PLEASURE OF SMOKING—MAKE IT CAMELS!

CAMEL WILLINGLY PAYS MORE FOR TOBACCO'S WITH EXTRA-FINE TASTE, FRAGRANCE, AND MILDNESS. MILLIONS OF SMOKERS PREFER CAMELS BECAUSE THEY KNOW THAT... CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCO—TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND. (Signed) R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA.

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